A prettie while theſe prettie creatures ſtand,
Like Iuorie conduits corall ceſterns filling:
One iuſtlie weepes, the other takes in hand
No cauſe, but companie of her drops ſpilling.
Their gentle ſex to weepe are often willing,
Greeuing themſelues to geſſe at others ſmarts,
And thē they drown their eies, or break their harts.

For men haue marble, women waxen mindes,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will,
The weake oppreſt, th'impreſſion of ſtrange kindes
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill.
Then call them not the Authors of their ill,
No more then waxe ſhall be accounted euill,
VVherein is ſtampt the ſemblance of a Deuill.

Their ſmoothneſſe, like a goodly champaine plaine,
Laies open all the little wormes that creepe,
In men as in a rough-growne groue remaine.
Caue-keeping euils that obſcurely ſleepe.
Through chriſtall wals ech little mote will peepe;
Though mē cā couer crimes with bold ſtern looks,
Poore womens faces are their owne faults books.

No